1848. Vogue Pittsburgh Post Gazette 1848.

PITTSBURGH, JANUARY 2, 1848.

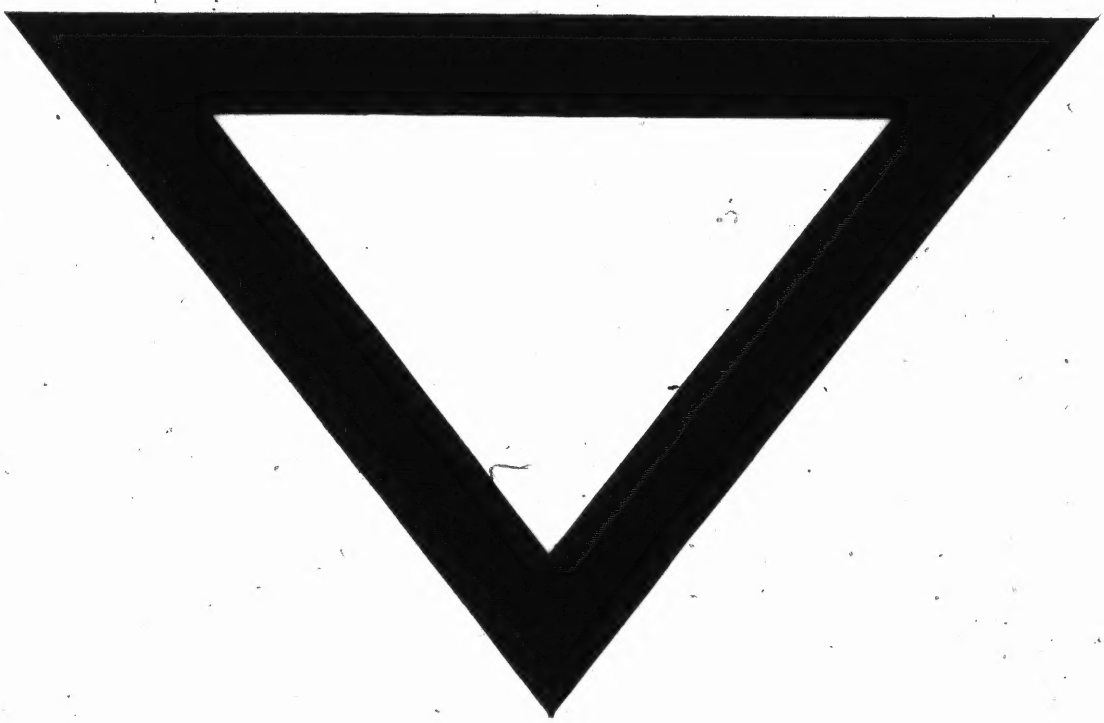
[illegible]

Will now they dance their shoulders out of joint?
We never thought but such a Dance!
Take care, and mind, and if they dare to quarrel,
Don't make them listen to Dick Brewster.
The song asked her him, for the case is plain
He was man after, and can best agree,
Has for their sake, at present I'll be brief,
And so give our lov'ed friends relief,
For owing to their legal entanglements
This a long story—here all empty pass.

Disgusted with the world of little men,
He lately threatened to lay down his pen,
That greatest weapon, in the cause of man
Of truth and virtue, government and law;
But principle, and love to fellow man,
Half, stability, Pass the man that you know
Loth, without strong, every state and right
And all the which will say, at last, you're right
He cries, then, pick up the old gray quill,
And, kissing it, declared he loved it still;
And still he wields it for the good of all;
Long live the Angus, may it never fail
Voice of truth, and, that his pressure fly;
There for the lark, and that his pressure fly;
Long, long, long, long may this man be head
Long have read, but every one to find,
So thank John Brown for make the thing
All such matters that are sure to please,
When Thomson set pen in power
And made matters dancing many run to gape,
He most provoked the great Patmore Gazette
And proved he was the worst of sinful dodgers.

You know the cause is in the Angus gloss
From every class and country under Heaven,
And long as time must glorious Angus's story
You still may read the wisdom of the world.

And now dear Patmore I congratulate
You and my country on my heavy state;
While all the world beside is cursed with war
Peace blesses us with her brightest star,
Long may Britannia in high triumph wield
The sword of Mars and wear Minerva's shield,
That we be children none of us regret;
Her rules a world on which the sun set or rise,
Whether he standest high upon the hoary,
Whether in doubt, lord or money man,
Yet known by all as in the glorious age
Beneath which Britons fight, and bled, and [illegible]
Long may it wave, consistent still as now
And about the hour of many a learned brow.

I know your gratitude, you all approve,
And I am sure good John could do no less,
For all the cause the honest Angus brings
Gallantry, Nations, Commerce, and Kings,
Well may you know of Angus and Rate—
Good friends! Patmore, Italy and France
And every place on the terrestrial ball
Be that the Angus knows and sells it all.
Adieu, kind Patmore, you were always kind,
And so am now, as I am sure to find,
Then I receive that pretty souvenir
You all have measured for me this New Year
And then you all and any, you long range,
Double sixteen tenpence, gaze the Angus bag,

[illegible] the Church.